

Home Circle.

HOW TO MANAGE BOYS.

A young teacher who has had great success with a class of little "ragamuffins" in the worst quarter of a large city, was once asked to tell something of the method by which she had transformed the lawless street urchins into respectable little citizens, in so many cases.

"I haven't any method, really," said the young woman, modestly. "It is only that I try to make the boys like me, and I say 'don't' just as seldom as I possibly can in my work with them. They had learned to lie, steal, and fight; but truth, honesty, and courtesy were unknown terms.

"So I began by telling them a story every morning about some boy who had done a brave, honest, or kind thing, and held up for their admiration. And after a while I asked them to 'save up' good things they had seen or done to tell at these morning talks. Their eagerness about it, and pride when I was pleased with their incidents, showed me they were being helped.

"There was just one boy who seemed to be hopeless. He was apparently indifferent to everything, and sat for weeks during the morning talks with a stolid expression, and never contributed anything to the conversation. I had begun to feel rather discouraged about him, when one morning he raised his hand as soon as it was time for the talk to begin.

"Well, Jim, what is it you have to tell us?" I asked encouragingly.

"Man's hat blew off as I was comin' to school. I ran and picked it up for him," he jerked out, in evident embarrassment at finding all eyes fastened on him.

"And what did the man say?" I asked, hoping that a 'thank you' had rewarded his first attempt in the right direction.

"You young scamp, you'd have made off with that if I hadn't kept my eye on you!" said the boy in the same jerky fashion.

"And what did you do then?" I asked in fear and trembling.

"Didn't do nothin' but jest come along to school," said the boy, soberly. "I reckon he don't know no better; prob'ly he hadn't had no sech teachin' as I have got," and he lapsed into silence with an air of perfect satisfaction.

"I think he had a pretty severe rebuff, but he has told a great many pleasant things since that day, so you see he was not disheartened.

"Some people would say, I know, that I ought to tell how bad stealing and lying

and fighting are; and yet as long as they will listen to me while I say, 'Do be honest, do be truthful, do be kind,' I shall not keep the other things before their minds."

Whatever may be said for other methods, hers—which she did not even call a method—commends itself.—*Christian Observer*.

NEVER SATISFIED.

Genuine Christian experience is enjoyed when, holding fast to present attainments, we are continually looking forward to something better. It may be said that such holy aspiration will occasion unrest and weariness; that it will unfit one for present duty, and tend to minify what the Lord Jesus has already wrought in us.

Such views are manifestly incorrect. In every department of life the knowledge that brighter and maturer experiences are yet to open before us assists us in overcoming obstacles that might otherwise prove insurmountable. In the spiritual life this is far more true than in business or professional pursuits. It is only when we are looking upward and forward that we find our very best preparation for vigorous and successful endeavors in fighting the good fight of faith.

The scriptural doctrine of the privilege of being delivered from sin in this life, by faith in the merit of Jesus Christ, is in full harmony with his continual longing for holier and riper experiences. The ever changing scenes of our earthly career, of joy and sorrow, of sunshine and shadow, render it necessary that we should have new views or God's love, and wisdom, and faithfulness, each day new revelations of the character of our blessed Lord, new glimpses of the glory that awaits the faithful, new convictions as to the incorruptible grounds upon which our hope of everlasting life is built.

Going forth thus, the sun shall no more go down. With unfaltering steps mounting the steep slopes of life toward the final goal, we shall at last enter that perfect rest that "remaineth to the people of God." But even in heaven there will not be inactivity, nor selfish enjoyment, nor completed revelations. It will be onward, upward, in the songs of those who "rest not day nor night," in the ceaseless disclosures of infinite love, in the ever-increasing glory of the "beatific vision."—*Christian Advocate*.

If you trust in God and yourself, you can surmount every obstacle. Do not yield to restless anxiety. One must not always be asking what may happen to one in life, but one must advance fearlessly and bravely.—*Prince Bismarck*.

TO STRUGGLING YOUNG MEN.

Take care of yourself. Nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two, or three, or four flights of stairs; your help will come through the roof, down from heaven, from that God who, in the six thousand years of the world's history, never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in regard to your adverse worldly circumstances that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my words, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find that those who, thirty years from now, are the millionaires of the country, who are the poets of the country, who are the strong merchants of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and state—are now on a level with you, not an inch above, and with you in straitened circumstances now. Herschel earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the intervals of his playing he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens, the field of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman of a colliery to be the most renowned of the world's engineers.

No outfit, no capital to start with! Young man, go down to the library and get some books, and read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, and in your ear; and then ask some doctor to take you you have read about, and never again commit the blasphemy of saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest young man is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him.—*Tal-
mage*.

MY MOTHER.

Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice; notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all God's gifts, a loving mother.

Read the unfathomable love of those eyes, the kind anxiety of that touch and look, however, slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentle care shed upon you which none but a mother bestows.

Never can I forget my mother's sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep, never her kiss at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—*Macaulay*.